

As Independent Weekly Newspaper.
devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-class Advertising.
Terms \$1.50 in Advance. Subscriptions begin at any time.

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Space, 1w. 2w. 3w. 4w. 5w. 6w. 7w. 8w. 9w. 10w. 11w. 12w.
1 inch 25 50 75 1.00 1.25 1.50 1.75 2.00 2.25 2.50 2.75 3.00
2 inch 50 1.00 1.50 2.00 2.50 3.00 3.50 4.00 4.50 5.00 5.50 6.00
3 inch 75 1.50 2.25 3.00 3.75 4.50 5.25 6.00 6.75 7.50 8.25 9.00
4 inch 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 6.00 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 11.00 12.00
5 inch 1.25 2.50 3.75 5.00 6.25 7.50 8.75 10.00 11.25 12.50 13.75 15.00
6 inch 1.50 3.00 4.50 6.00 7.50 9.00 10.50 12.00 13.50 15.00 16.50 18.00
7 inch 1.75 3.50 5.25 7.00 8.75 10.50 12.25 14.00 15.75 17.50 19.25 21.00
8 inch 2.00 4.00 6.00 8.00 10.00 12.00 14.00 16.00 18.00 20.00 22.00 24.00
9 inch 2.25 4.50 6.75 9.00 11.25 13.50 15.75 18.00 20.25 22.50 24.75 27.00
10 inch 2.50 5.00 7.50 10.00 12.50 15.00 17.50 20.00 22.50 25.00 27.50 30.00
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12 inch 3.00 6.00 9.00 12.00 15.00 18.00 21.00 24.00 27.00 30.00 33.00 36.00

AT THE
RECORD PRINTING OFFICE
We are prepared to do, Promptly, Skillfully, and at
CITY RATES, ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, from a
Bill-head to a Book.
Commercial Stationery, Letter and Note Heads,
Envelopes, Etc., Furnished, Ruled and Printed
according to order.

VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

MONTCLAIR R.R. TIME TABLE.

Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Newark	Bloomfield	Newark	Bloomfield
6:04 A.M.	6:10 A.M.	6:17 A.M.	6:24 A.M.
7:27 A.M.	7:33 A.M.	7:40 A.M.	7:47 A.M.
8:50 A.M.	8:56 A.M.	9:03 A.M.	9:10 A.M.
10:16 A.M.	10:22 A.M.	10:29 A.M.	10:36 A.M.
11:41 A.M.	11:47 A.M.	11:54 A.M.	12:01 A.M.
12:30 P.M.	12:36 P.M.	12:43 P.M.	12:50 P.M.
1:58 P.M.	2:04 P.M.	2:17 P.M.	2:24 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	3:36 P.M.	3:43 P.M.	3:50 P.M.
4:50 P.M.	4:56 P.M.	5:03 P.M.	5:10 P.M.
6:12 P.M.	6:18 P.M.	6:31 P.M.	6:38 P.M.
7:16 P.M.	7:22 P.M.	7:29 P.M.	7:36 P.M.

Trains stop in Bloomfield at Grove and at Broad
Sts. N. B. The train leaves New York at 8:30 A. M. and
arrives in Bloomfield at 8:40 A. M. The train leaves
Bloomfield at 8:50 A. M. and arrives in New York at 9:00 A. M.
The 7:30 A. M. train from New York connects at
Montclair with the train for the Hudson River at the
upper end of Greenwood Lake. Returning arrives
at New York at 6:00 P. M., allowing passengers over
two hours at the Hotel.
Excursion tickets including Stage, Steamboat and
Rail Road fare on sale at the principal stations at
low rates.
Monthly commutation tickets may be obtained at
37 Montgomery St., Jersey City two blocks from
Ferry.
THO. C. PURDY, Sup't.

D. L. & W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Newark	Bloomfield	Newark	Bloomfield
6:55 A.M.	7:01 A.M.	7:08 A.M.	7:15 A.M.
7:20 A.M.	7:26 A.M.	7:33 A.M.	7:40 A.M.
8:45 A.M.	8:51 A.M.	9:08 A.M.	9:15 A.M.
10:10 A.M.	10:16 A.M.	10:23 A.M.	10:30 A.M.
11:30 A.M.	11:36 A.M.	11:43 A.M.	11:50 A.M.
12:55 P.M.	1:01 P.M.	1:18 P.M.	1:25 P.M.
2:40 P.M.	2:46 P.M.	2:53 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
3:55 P.M.	4:01 P.M.	4:18 P.M.	4:25 P.M.
5:10 P.M.	5:16 P.M.	5:23 P.M.	5:30 P.M.
6:30 P.M.	6:36 P.M.	6:43 P.M.	6:50 P.M.
7:50 P.M.	7:56 P.M.	8:03 P.M.	8:10 P.M.
9:10 P.M.	9:16 P.M.	9:23 P.M.	9:30 P.M.

Note.—On Friday nights a N. & E. train leaves
New York for Bloomfield and Montclair at 12 M.
Returning, leave Montclair at 1 P. M., Bloomfield
at 1:15 P. M.

HORSE CARS FOR NEWARK. Via Broad Street,
Franklin St., etc. Every Half Hour to 10 P. M.
POST OFFICE. Broad Street, H. D. P. M. Mails
arrive at 8:45 A. M. and 5:45 P. M. Mails close at
8:40 A. M. and 5:40 P. M. Letters registered for any P. O.
Money Orders issued. Stamped Envelopes, News
Wrappers, etc., for sale.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Free-
mont Street, Rev. D. Kennedy, D. D., Pastor. Ser-
vices Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday
School after Morning Service.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal) Liberty St. Rev.
T. J. Danner, Rector. Services Sunday at 10 A. M.
and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

BLOOMFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. On the
Park. Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Services Sun-
day at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School
after morning service.

METH. EPISC. CHURCH. Broad Street, Rev. E. W.
Burr, Pastor. Services Sunday 10 A. M. and 7 P.
M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

GERMAN PRESS CHURCH. Rev. J. Enselin, Pas-
tor. Services 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday
School at 9 A. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Franklin St. Rev. Dr. Stub-
bert, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10 A. M. and
at 7 P. M.

WATKINSING M. E. CHURCH. Services on Sunday
at 10 A. M. and at 7 P. M. over Madison's Market.

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays
in each month, over Madison's Market.

COLLECTOR OF TAXES. Ira Campbell, Residence,
Washington Street. Office over Madison's Market.

JUSTICE OF COURT.—Jesse C. Corby's Building,
Glenwood Ave., Thos. P. Day, Brookside.

OVERSEER OF POOR. J. M. Walker, Residence,
Morris Place.

Bloomfield's Local Paper.

1875.

THE THIRD YEAR

—OF—

The Bloomfield Record.

It will be the aim of the Publisher to make The
Record for the current year MORE VALUABLE THAN
EVER to the people of this community as

A FIRST CLASS

LOCAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

IN THE INTEREST OF ALL.

EVERY FAMILY IN BLOOMFIELD should take The
Record. It publishes

School Matters.

Church Affairs.

Real Estate Transactions.

Social Events of Public Interest.

Etc., Etc.

We have unequalled facilities for gathering local
intelligence. Everything of importance appears
each week in The Record, thus forming a Com-
plete, Reliable and Interesting

History of the Village

and its vicinity, well worthy of preservation. Be-
sides local features, it is hoped to make the Cor-
respondence, Original and Selected Articles of
Literature, etc., rare and attractive as well as high-
toned and thoroughly moral in tendency.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

Office on Glenwood Ave., Near M. & E. Depot.

The Bloomfield Record.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum.

Vol. III. No. 31.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY AUGUST 20, 1875.

Whole No. 135.

Professional and Business Cards.

CHARLES H. BAILEY, M. D.
[LATE OF THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL.]
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE: NEXT WILDE'S STORE.
Office Hours, 8 to 10, 3 to 6, and 7 to 8. } Boards at Park House.

W. K. WILLIAMSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY
AND MASTER IN CHANCERY.
748 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Notary Public and Counselor at Law for New York.

A. G. McCOMB,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Lots and Farms Surveyed.—Street Lines and
Grades given, either by Contract or by Day Work
OFFICE ON FRANKLIN STREET.
Next door to the German Theological Seminary,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

CHARLES M. LOCKWOOD,
CARPENTER & BUILDER.
Shop on Henry Street.
Estimates made and Contracts taken. Special
attention given to Jobbing. Wire Doors and Win-
dow Screens made and fitted to order.

DR. C. S. STOCKTON,
DENTIST.
(Successor to Drs. Colburn)
No 15 Cedar street,
Newark, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Residence on Broad Street three doors above
Presbyterian Church.
Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

MISS CLARA EVELAND'S
SELECT SCHOOL FOR LITTLE FOLKS,
Corner of Linden Avenue and Thomas Street.
TERMS MODERATE.

MISS L. L. BIDDULPH'S
SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,
Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

MISS FANNY C. CARL,
TEACHER OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
RESIDENCE: THOMAS STREET.
Second Door North of Post Office.

THE MONTCLAIR LIBRARY.
FULLERTON AVENUE, NEAR BLOOMFIELD AVE.
is open daily from 3 to 6 P. M.
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$3 00
6 MONTHS' do, 2 00
3 MONTHS' do, 1 00
Magazines and New Books purchased every month.
Residents of Bloomfield and Montclair are cordially
invited to visit the library and to become sub-
scribers.

1858. D. W. SMITH. 1875.
[Shop and Residence, Franklin Street.]
House, Sign & Ornamental
PAINTER.
GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, KAL-
SOMINING, GLAZING, ETC.

RUDOLPH BRUETT,
1858. PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL 1875.
PAINTER,
Prescoer, Kalsomner, Grainger,
Glazier, &c.

Having established the business of Plain and Or-
namental Painting in the township of Bloomfield
in the year 1858, I feel entitled to claim the oldest
established business in this line in Bloomfield,
and to have given the most perfect satisfaction to
my patrons.
Orders addressed to me, (Box 129, P. O.) will be
attended to with promptness.

THOMAS TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office at his residence on Bloomfield Avenue,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES
TO BE HAD AT
DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.
Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, 5 to 6 P. M.

SAMUEL CARL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Keeps constantly on hand
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,
PRACTICAL PAINTER.
SIGN-WRITING,
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,
GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.
Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas Street,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
All orders promptly executed.

SMITH E. PERRY
REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER,
BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,
Bloomfield, New Jersey

A Romance of the Army.
Secret Wedding of a Young Lieutenant
and a Southern Widow.

From the St. Louis Times, Aug. 11.

A large and populous city like St. Louis
furnishes material for romances
stranger even than fiction. In the hurry
and bustle of business and the pursuit of
pleasure the people of a great city scarce-
ly take time to look about them for the
purpose of seeing how fate is dealing
with their neighbors. By mere chance
a Times reporter yesterday learned the
history of an interesting transaction
which recently occurred in St. Louis.
Miss Annie Claudine Whitmore was the
daughter of wealthy planter, W. H.
Whitmore, living near Dalton, Ga. She
was the youngest of five children—three
sons and two daughters—and received all
the advantages of education that money
could bestow. She was educated at a
convent in St. Louis, which she attend-
ed for three years. Soon after graduat-
ing she met Capt. Wallingford, of the
United States Army, and married him.
The Captain, immediately after marriage,
was ordered to the far West, where he
served until his death, which occurred
just before the Modoc campaign. His
widow, then only twenty years of age,
and beautiful, went to Washington City,
where she reigned an acknowledged and
worshiped belle. Proffers of marriage
greeted her on every hand. A young gen-
tleman with only his father's name to
recommend him had succeeded in win-
ning her affections; she went to Wash-
ington. In fact her only object in locat-
ing at the capital was to be near this
lover. While on the Plains with her first
husband, whom she married when two
young to realize the magnitude of the
step, she was introduced to Mr. W. H.
Tiffany, eldest son of Dr. Tiffany, Pas-
tor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church
in Washington. Mr. Tiffany was employ-
ed in Government business, which re-
quired his presence with the Army. His
business finished, Mr. Tiffany returned
to Washington. A few weeks later dis-
ease appeared in camp, and one of its
first victims was Capt. Wallingford. The
rites of burial over Mrs. Wallingford re-
paired to her father's residence, where
she passed the period of mourning. She
then took up her residence in Wash-
ington, and became her accepted lover.

She retired from Washington society and
returned to her father's to prepare again
for marriage. Here she encountered an
obstacle not calculated upon. Her father
bitterly opposed the match, and finally
refused his consent. Not that he had
any objections to the prospective groom,
but he opposed his daughter's marrying
again, preferring that she should pass
the remainder of her life with him. He
soon won all the family to his opinion,
and the lady had either to relinquish her
lover or defy her family. She compro-
mised the difficulty by agreeing to a
postponement, and so notified Mr. Tif-
fany, acquainting him with all the cir-
cumstances. He gracefully yielded, and
the objecting parent was appeased. Soon
after this Mrs. Wallingford revisited
Washington and used her influence in ob-
taining for Mr. Tiffany a commission in
the regular army, for which he had ap-
plied. Mr. Tiffany was promoted from
civilian to Lieutenant in the Tenth Reg-
ular Cavalry. His commission was issued
in March, and toward the latter part of
April he was ordered to report for duty
at St. Louis. While in Chicago, en route
to this city, Lieut. Tiffany met Mrs.
Wallingford, who was returning from a
visit to relations and friends in Leaven-
worth, Kan. The meeting was purely
accidental, but none the less joyous to
the lovers. The Lieutenant proposed to
the lady that she accompany him to St.
Louis, where they would be secretly mar-
ried. His powers of persuasion, aided
by earnestness and affection, at last
overcame her scruples and she consented.
The two arrived in this city, and Mrs.
Wallingford took rooms at the Southern
Hotel, while the husband eloped reported
for duty at the arsenal. He spent several
days in making preparations for the
clandestine marriage. He used every
precaution to prevent the affair from be-
coming public, and most effectually did
he succeed. An attack of the hotel was
taken into confidence and invited to at-
tend the wedding. At 8 o'clock on the
evening of June 1, the lady and gentle-
man descended the stairs arm in arm,
and their elegant attire attracted the at-
tention of the guests. The lady wore a
light lavender colored silk dress, with
long train trimmed with costly white lace
and looped with flowers; a white kid
glove and the usual bridal veil. Her
ornaments were diamond ear-rings and
necklace, a large solitaire diamond, and
a plain gold ring. The groom was attired
in the customary suit of black. The
party was driven to the residence of
Rev. Dr. C. A. Van Ande, Pastor of the
Union Methodist Church, who is an old
and valued friend of Rev. Dr. Tiffany.
There in presence of Dr. Van Ande's
family and three ministers, the two who
had faithfully loved each other for more
than three years, and against whose union
even fate itself seemed to have con-
spired, were united in marriage. Dr.
Van Ande and other witnesses of the cer-

emony were acquainted with the reasons
why it was desired to keep the marriage
secret for awhile, and all united in a
pledge of secrecy. After receiving the
congratulations of those present Lieut.
Tiffany and bride returned to the South-
ern Hotel, reaching there about 9:30
o'clock.

The Lieutenant returned to the arsenal
and pursued his routine of duty as usual
while his bride remained at the hotel.
One week after the marriage Lieut.
Tiffany was ordered to report for duty at
Fort Stockton, on the Mexican border,
immediately. He departed at once, and
was accompanied as far as Austin, Texas,
by his bride. From that point she pro-
ceeded to St. Louis and returned to her
father's residence in Georgia, where she
now is.

Mrs. Tiffany is possessed of consider-
able means independent of her father.
She has claims against the Government
for property taken and destroyed by
Sherman's army during the war, amount-
ing to thousands of dollars. She com-
mands an influence in Washington which
is valuable in the prosecution of such
claims. Lieut. Tiffany and his wife are
both members of the Methodist Church.
He is still on duty at Fort Stockton, sepa-
rated from his beautiful young bride by
hundreds of miles.

A Lesson for Advertisers.

The following letter illustrates forcibly
and truly the value of advertising:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE: Some
20 years ago, having just succeeded from
the editorial chair to the proprietorship
of the "American Agriculturist," I de-
cided to ascertain by trial whether adver-
tising would do as well for a good
thing as for patent medicines and other
humbugs. Though having a small work-
ing capital, I resolved to do what was
then a rather large thing, viz, to take 40
lines under "Special Notices," all in one
advertisement. Being unexpectedly de-
layed, I reached the "Tribune" office at
3 P. M., with the advertisement still to
write, while an engagement in the coun-
try required me to take the 4 o'clock
boat from Fulton slip. Securing 40 lines
space at the head of the column, I went
to the little clock on the southwest side of
the office, over which I had the clock
run for many years. I intended to
write rapidly a variety of matter during
30 minutes, and in the next 20 minutes
pick out the strong points, and condense
to the 40 lines. Keeping my eye on the
clock occasionally, I wrote on "letter
backs" furnished at the desk, and pasted
them together until I had four feet or
more of copy to condense from. I turned
to the clerk and asked if I could have
a line or two more than 40. "Yes," he
said, "you have the first place; take all
the space you want." Chancing to no-
tice the city hall clock, it pointed to ten
minutes of 4 o'clock. The old clock had
stopped at 20 minutes past 3, unnoticed
by me. I attempted to draw the pencil
through some portion of the manuscript,
and in despair threw the whole at the
clerk with an order to insert it, and ran
for the boat, to save a nine mile walk.

The matter troubled me all night as an
over-hasty thing, and I feared to see the
"Tribune" and the probable bill. Start-
ing before daylight the next morning, I
bought the first copy in the hands of a
newsboy, and counted 196 lines, costing
\$24.50 at that time, when ordinary ad-
vertisements were eight cents and spec-
ials 12 cents a line—a terrible dose for
a literary man, new in business and with
a small capital. Hastening to the "Tri-
bune" office, I paid the bill, and slowly,
sadly went down to my second-story of-
fice, fully resolved to act more delib-
erately in the future.

The result: The bold advertisement,
conspicuously inserted, attracted the at-
tention of the multitude coming in on
the morning train. Over 100 dropped
in on their way to business; others sent
in messengers, and others called on their
way to a noon lunch. At 3 o'clock P.
M. I had 226 subscribers from that one
advertisement, and more came next day
by mail. I repeated the dose in the
"Tribune" and other papers. This ex-
perience taught me that if I wanted to
move a crowd with a big rock, I would
bury it at them and not throw it out in
bits of pebble or sand. From that day
to this I have never been afraid to adver-
tise largely and boldly—the only limit
being the time I could devote to prepar-
ing good, truthful advertisements and to
selecting good mediums—the latter a
work of no difficulty. My success in
business has been abundantly satisfac-
tory to myself and I trust to my patrons
also. My rule has been: Find customers
by free advertising, and then keep them
by supplying good articles and by fair
dealing; and whatever of success I have
had has been largely due to the old "Tri-
bune" clock, which stopped so quietly
and at the proper time for me.

ORANGE JUDD.
New York, August 3, 1875.

A betrothed couple, Mr. Ethelbert
Parsons, aged twenty-nine, and Miss
Lottie O. Philpott, aged twenty-five years
while bathing at Niagara Falls were
drowned. The lady lost her foothold
and was caught by the gentleman, but
the current carried both into the river
below.

He Could not Afford to Swear.

A boy stood near the entrance of a
large hotel, with a box of blacking and
a pair of brushes in his hand, thus show-
ing to the passers by that he was ready to
black their boots. Patiently he waited, as
one after another passed by without heed-
ing his proffered services, until at last
two young men, fashionably dressed and
each with a cigar in his mouth, stopped be-
fore him.

"Here, Boots," said one, rudely, "let
me see if you are master of your trade,"
and he put his foot on the boy's knee.
Charlie, the bootblack, worked with a
will, and soon the polish glistened under his
skilled touch. The two young men
amused themselves meanwhile by trying
to frighten the boy, urging him to hurry,
threatening to cane him, and swearing
profanely at every other word. Charlie
stood it as long as he could; one boot
was finished and the other blackened
preparatory to polishing, when he quick-
ly rose and prepared to put up his brush-
es.

"What now?" said the young man.

"I would rather not finish them, sir,"
replied Charlie.

"Not finish them!" said the gentle-
man, "then you don't see the color of my money."

"I don't want your money, sir, and I
won't stand here and listen to your swear-
ing;" and he turned to move away.

"Let the boy alone and have him
finish his work," said the other youth.

"Very well! Here, boy, finish this boot,
and tell me what you mean. A boot black
afraid of swearing! That is a good
joke!"

"I am afraid of it, sir; I don't want to
hear it, or go where it is, and I won't
work for a man who swears at me."

"And you want to make me believe that
you don't swear? Why, there is not one
of your trade that wouldn't both swear and
steal."

O, you are much mistaken; many of
the boys neither steal, nor swear. I am
sure nothing could make me steal, and I
cannot afford to swear."

"Cannot afford to swear! Come, now
do you mean to say it costs anything to
swear?"

"Yes, sir; it would cost me more than a
million of pounds! In what
way is your money invested?"

"In the pearl of great price. If I lost
it my soul would be the forfeit; so, you
see, I cannot afford to swear. My Sun-
day school teacher teaches me that it is
wicked, and my mother forbids me to do
it. I should disobey all of them if I did
it, and lose my soul; so, you see, sir, I
cannot afford to swear."

"The boy is right," said the young man
who had listened to the conversation in
silence. "But how happens it that you
are different from your companions?
They do not think it a sin to swear; and
I suppose some of them go to Sunday
school, too."

"Perhaps they have no mother," said
Charlie, "or not such a good one as mine."

"Well, here's your money, Boots; I
suppose I do swear a little, but I am only
one out of many."

"But always one more, sir. And then
the little boys hear you, and see you
dressed so fine they think it must be
smart, and they learn to swear, too. I
thought so myself at first. Thank you,
sir, as he took the money, which was
silver instead of copper; "and please, sir,
I do not swear any more."

"I will think of it," said the youth, as
he passed on; and he did think of it;
though he felt rather sore at learning his
duty from a shoe-black.

The Tribune Rum Shop.

A drinking saloon, open on Sunday, in
the basement of the newspaper establish-
ment whose chief glory is that it was
"founded by Horace Greeley," is, in-
deed, a change from the ideas of our sec-
ond Franklin, sufficiently radical to dis-
turb his rest in the Chappaqua tomb.
We read that last Sunday "rum, brandy,
gin and wine flowed with freedom;" the
green-aproned waiters bustled about with
clusters of foaming beer-mugs in their
hands and a supply of currency in their
teeth, and the crowds around the tables
drank and smoked and loudly clatted
for hours together. The saloon takes